

The Wonderful Tigris

FROM Bagdad to the sea, more than 600 miles, the Tigris is navigable for any boat not drawing more than about eight feet. River steamers go to Bagdad, though they often run aground on the shifting banks.



Magazine Page



This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the founding of Vassar College, for the higher education of women, in 1861, by Matthew Vassar, who donated 200 acres and \$788,000. The college has an international reputation.

THE BRIDE'S PLAY

A Splendid Film Romance of Modern and Medieval Times

Romantic and Gorgeous Film Drama Based on Donn Byrne's Famous Story.

THE STORY SO FAR.

Alleen Barrett, belle of little Irish village of Newry, is the idol of John Barrett's and Bridget's adoring hearts. With his stone quarries money Barrett intends to make Alleen a great lady and sends her away to school. She meets Sir Fergus Cassidy, a neighbor, before going away. When Alleen and her schoolmates are caught reading Bulmer Meade's poetry she assumes the blame and is subject to severe lecture. Bulmer Meade comes to Newry to visit a friend, meets Alleen and promptly falls in love with her, much to the discomfort of Sir Fergus, who has loved Alleen for a long time. Sir Fergus dislikes and distrusts Meade, and does Bridget. Alleen learns that Meade is a despicable cad. She is happy in finding her true love in Sir Fergus. The announcement of marriage states that after the ceremony the ancient custom of the "Bride's Play" will be enacted. When Bulmer Meade hears this he plans mischief. Story of the Bride's Play told by a villager.

"The Bride's Play," made into motion pictures, directed by George W. Hill, scenario by Mildred Condine, which was created by Cosmopolitan Productions and released as a Paramount picture.

Screen Version Novelized By Jane McLean.

BUT if they had any misgivings of the past they were speedily banished by the demands of the present; for while the tale was being spun the throngs of wedding guests had begun to arrive. From all over the country, from even beyond, came friends anxious not only to see

the bride, but to be present at the Bride's Play.

The drawbridge that had once served to span the castle moat in the days of Enid was now an automobile driveway, and high-powered cars approaching with young girls in white took the place of gayly caparisoned steeds and outriders that made the scene a glory in the time of Count Mansfield.

And everywhere were flowers and bright dresses, scarves and the sound of gay voices and laughter; no reason anywhere to imagine that any spirit of evil genius was lying in wait to cast a gloom over the assembling throng.

But the automobiles were not the only means of conveyance; jaunting cars carried their quota to the festive scene. From the neighboring villages they came bobbing along the roads and adding a rural color to the modern note.

Those who had heard the old crone's story had no difficulty in transposing the scene; and those who knew the tale of Enid saw also in their mind's eye the picture of the past woven into the threads of the present.

A Mecca for the Country-side. From all quarters of the compass the conveyances converged on Kenmare Castle and every conveyance bore a blessing on Sir Fergus. The day was perfect. "The 'ohs' and 'ahs' broke from the company as they came upon the group of girls lighting the hawthorn tree.

Eight little flower girls preceded by a page bearing a small lighted



"Yes, Acushla, I am the one you love best," says Marquis of Muckross, at the Bride's Play, and then he flees from all with the girl.

bowl walked across the stone bridge and stood waiting.

From the interior of the castle Sir Fergus and Alleen appeared as two trumpeters sounded a note of

preparation and the company in the courtyard looked on applauding loudly at the first appearance of the wedding couple.

Taking his place before them a

page, escorted by the flower girls, led the way over the bridge, the garlands of the children making a swinging mass of color just as in the long ago a page with a torch

afame preceded the bridal pair.

More automobiles arrived filled with bridesmaids and the young men who were to take part in the famous ceremony. Laughing and

Read the Serial Here and Watch for the Motion Picture Soon to Be Shown at Leading Theaters.

talking they too waited for their cue while two pipers crossed the stone bridge just as the pipers of old came over the drawbridge.

In the hall the servants were waiting and one, the major domo, carried on a pillow the key to the castle; a proud man he was to offer to Sir Fergus and the lovely Alleen this token of the right to the freedom of the ancient stronghold. Behind the door the bridesmaids took their places and a silence fell as bridegroom and bride entered.

Quite a modern knight Sir Fergus looked in his dark suit and an equally modern lady the dark Alleen in her rare old gown of rare old lace.

With much bowing the major domo held forth the pillow with the key thereon and offered it to the future mistress of Kenmare; with a smile and a few words of thanks graciously spoken Alleen took the token while the flower girls formed a circle about her.

A Lovely Scene.

Broad steps led the way to the court yard; at their foot was a well; further away in a corner was a huge mass of wood ready to light for a bonfire was one of the features of this age-old ceremony; servants came swiftly and applied the match just as in the days gone by lackeys had set the wood ablaze with torches of resin; round the sputtering flames the flower girls gathered, and in groups of two and threes the guests joined them. The white dresses of the women made a shimmering background against the

shadows of the courtyard and the red and yellow hues of the fire. As the bonfire flamed high, came the page with the flame of love, as though to prove that he bore a power more mighty than that hidden in the heart of the roaring mass below.

Down the steps to the yard started the page followed by the bride and Sir Fergus, on retainer bearing a huge bouquet and another a large wedding cake.

Half-way down Alleen paused, and then, following the traditions of the play, took the bouquet from the man who was carrying it and, raising it aloft, threw it down among the girls in the court, where it fell like a shower of trophies and was rescued amid excited laughter by the happy souvenir hunters.

In one part of the courtyard had been improvised a throne, and to this Alleen was now led by Sir Fergus. A beautiful picture was the daughter of John Barrett as she stood with the man of her choice waiting for the strange questioning ceremony that formed so important a part of the Bride's Play.

And, as though to set off what was to come, with a light and airy setting, the flower girls began a dance as Sir Fergus and his bride took their places on the throne.

In and out, in many a fanciful figure, each an embodiment of grace, the bearers of the garlands tripped this way and that, and bent and curved and scattered their flowers as a tribute to happiness, and wished with their eyes a thousand years of love and peace to the man and the woman who had plighted their faith.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Earth--Flat or Round?

AN EVER INTERESTING DISCUSSION.

By Garrett P. Serviss,
Noted Astronomer and Writer on
Subjects of Scientific Interest.

THOSE pessimistic persons who are saying that the world has lost its intellectual balance might find some cheering statements of the Zion City earth-flatteners. The letters that I have received on this subject are at once amusing and disheartening. However, there can be no doubt that they exhibit truly the state of mental uncertainty in which thousands find themselves with regard to the question whether the earth is round or flat. Even many of those who say they believe that it is round, nevertheless show that they have no settled conviction on the subject and simply accept the statement because the engineers in well-accredited books or hear it from persons of repute for learning.

A frequent source of surprise is to find a man writing correct English and showing evident acquaintance with literature and history, who is unable to see the fallacy in the Zion City arguments intended to prove that the earth is flat. "Science has made mistakes before," he will say. "Science thought that atoms were indivisible, but now admits that they are made up of something smaller. Then why shouldn't science make a mistake about the roundness of the earth?" That kind of argument is often used for all sorts of purposes, but when we see it employed in a case like this our eyes are opened to its absolute lack of logical validity.

The discovery that atoms are made up of electrons was an advance farther along the same road than science was already pursuing when it discovered that atoms were the smallest particles of matter perceptible to its means of observation at that time. But there was no

contradiction of ascertained facts and no reversal of the direction of advancing science when it became known that atoms were not (as had been thought possible or probable) the final units of matter. But to affirm that the earth is a flat plane instead of a globe would be a direct contradiction of ascertained facts and a wholesale reversal of the direction of science. One thing which most singularly sticks in the throat for those who are unable satisfactorily to themselves to combat the earth flattening is the question of water level. In some respects this is not surprising because the most misleading and disingenuous statements have been made about the extension of the line of sight beyond the sea horizon. In every genuine instance this anomaly is easily accounted for by the known laws of atmospheric refraction. Some of the earth flatteners are evidently so well aware of the weakest point in their case that they make a desperate stand on this matter of level. They go so far as to affirm, in effect, that engineers laying out long railroads and digging great canals, like those of Panama and Suez, either don't understand what a datum level is, or else, for some inconceivable reason, conceal its real nature from a confiding public.

The stoutness of the defense that the earth-flatteners make on this point and the recklessness of the statements concerning water level to which they commit themselves are readily comprehensible when one perceives that if their theories were right there is none of those great engineering works that could endure for a day, such works having been constructed in strict accordance with the roundness of the earth. So the proponents of the flat earth theory are compelled to assert, with either colossal impudence or colossal ignorance, that the engineer's datum level indicates an absolute horizontal plane, extending the whole length of the work, as from Colon to Panama!

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

Auto Accidents.

MEN are making war on gunning and on fights on land and sea; but, with careless autos running, why cut out artillery? Jolly cars kill folks by dozens, slicing off their legs and arms; maiming uncles, aunts and cousins, as in times of war's alarms. People now move far more spryly than before the auto came; but it slips upon them slyly, that is how it wins the game. States record these killings vainly, and they warn the man who drives; but one fact is noted plainly, 'tis the dodger who survives! Every year the list increases till it fills our hearts with pain. We must take the fliv to pieces and bring Dobbin back again? We've made germs by thousands scatter, we have put the flu to rout; as a race we're growing fatter and our lungs and legs are stout. But what boots it that we've fattened and what boots our wealth or wit, when we're likely to be flattened flat as pancakes by a jit? They are quick and they are cruel, swooping down with wild delight; though you eat your morning gruel, they may get you ere the night! Yes, statistics prove them fatal; but what can a fellow do? Shall we seek the British Natal chumming with the kangaroo? And, in fleeing scotter, from Fierce-Sparrows to this far, secluded spot, won't the natives' poisoned arrows still harass him, like as not? Things are all the more distressing, for precautions are in vain; but if you've engagements pressing, do not take the street called Main. Choose an alley, dark and grimy, where no car can make its way; though the path you take is slimy, you may still enjoy the day. Yes, statistics show the dangers that beset us without end; hope and safety are but strangers with the auto 'round the bend.

The Wine of Life

STORY OF AN AMBITIOUS YOUNG SCULPTOR

By Arthur Stringer

Well-Known Author and Novelist of
Countrywide Reputation.

BUT Snookum's companionship had proved not entirely without its drawbacks, since, with the voracity of youth this pup indiscriminately chewed up hats and papers and shoes, and frayed the ends of the new striped awnings, and started runs in Torrie's silk stockings by affectionately biting at her ankles after clamorous and excited racing about the pine grove in which Skookum invariably proved how easily four legs could outrun two.

Torrie, after another glance at her motionless husband, turned and started out over the misty blue of the lake, along which drifted an opal sail or two. High over her she could see cliff-swallows darting and circling. Faintly, from the beach below, came the sound of water. The air was filled with the quiet droning of bees, engaged in their repetitious visits to over-weighted dandelion heads. Back in the dark green boughs of the pines, which murmured uneasily in the soft breeze, a wood pigeon repeated its monotonous complaint.

"Kill-a-coon! Kill-a-coon!" Torrie lazily repeated in mockery of the bird as she commanded the lower half of her husband's Navajo rug and, after dusting his nose with a head of blue-grass, drew Skookum closer in against the hollow of her relaxed body. Once of water she stroked the furry neck with her sunburned hand. Then sun and air and tranquilizing noon-day noises seemed to combine and surround her like an anesthetic. She sighed profoundly, reached up for Storror's worn felt hat, covered her face with it and fell asleep.

Storror, with the hot sun directly in his eyes, stirred and sat up. He looked at his watch, remembering there was still much to be done that day. Then he looked at the warm red brick of the house mottled with cooler patches of shadow, and decided that before another year a new roof would be necessary.

He was finding, in fact, an almost bewildering amount of work in the rehabilitation of that long abandoned farm. But it was work in which he lost himself with a quite uncomplaining and contented

spirit. It tired his body and dulled his mind and kept him from thinking of the past. He felt, in a way, that it was a process of rebarbarization. But it brought him peace, and peace, after all, was a great and wonderful thing in life.

He turned and looked down at Torrie. The felt hat had slipped a little to one side, leaving her face exposed. He was amazed by the changes which he could see there. She had filled out and gained in weight. Open-air life, in fact, had brought about some mysterious process of rejuvenation with her. The once milky white skin had taken on a deeper coloring. The passive and sleeping face, he could see, was unmistakably sunburned, with a small runway of turkey-spots across the narrow bridge of the nose. She looked half-gypsy, almost peasant-like to him, until from beneath her tumbled duck skirt he caught sight of the finest of silk underskirts which she still persisted in wearing, and the sheer silk stockings against which Skookum reeked a quietly sleeping nose. She was not, he remembered, a child of the soil. She still looked upon this, her first taste of life in the country, as a sort of continuous picnic where hardships were an adventure to be laughed at, where recurring wonder at utterly new conditions tended to make up for an environment that was far from eventful.

He smiled as he remembered her futile little efforts at gardening, her plots of transplanted and potted-down wild flowers, carefully marked with sticks, seemingly more the product of a child's hand than a woman's. She lamented audibly over the drooping and broken rooted ferns, which she had quite forgotten to water. Just as she railed against the injustice of nature in allowing flies to cluster about and torment the body of their newly-purchased Jersey cow, which she had promptly christened "Aprilla," after a one-time Casino stage associate of hers.

For a day or two she had even laboriously and patiently fanned these flies away from the tawny flank of "Aprilla," using branches of elderberry which she broke from the fence-line. And invariably, when evening came, she heralded milking time by inquiring if she could help "page" Aprilla, though it took her fully a week to overcome her distaste for milk so disturbingly associated with its biologic process of production.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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THE SELFISH WIFE

By Beatrice Fairfax

"MY husband's business takes him away from home on an average of once a month for a period of not more than a week. That is the only thing I

have to trouble me. I hate to have him leave me even for one day, but he says in order to hold his position he must do as the owner advises. His salary is \$100 a week and we have everything to make us happy. But sometimes I think I would rather struggle on \$50 a week just to have him with me all the time. "My husband expects to be raised to \$125 a week the first of the year, but he said he will give it all up if I say the word. Mother says I have been a baby all my life and got everything my heart desired. She adds that now I'm married, hubby is bringing me up the same way, with too much attention and petting, so I don't grow up. She says I am a selfish child. I am bored by that word and by her adding that maybe when I grow up I will realize what my husband is doing for my benefit. I have a maid. I get am I selfish, or can you see I want him with me because I love him so dearly?"

So writes Jacqueline, resenting the truth, which she nevertheless is beginning to suspect.

The wisely love of a woman whose heart and mind are mature is based on something deeper than the desire to touch and see the loved one each moment of the day.

A true wife is a partner. No woman who wants to tie a man to her apron strings isn't thinking beyond the moment. Human beings grow in soul and mind or they go to pieces. A man who gives up his work and his success to satisfy the cravings of an exotic woman gives up his self respect. And once that is gone he becomes a weak thing—the slave of his emotions and of the whims of the woman who couldn't look beyond her own desires to the facts of life.

We live in a practical world, where landlords have to be paid and where we struggle or go under.

The woman who won't see that is refusing to grow up and be a mature human being. She may enslave her husband for the time, but he's bound to wake up some day and see what her so-called love has cost him. And then what becomes of their life together?

No man can go on loving a woman who is sapping his ambitions, his energy and his character to be a full-sized, strong human being.

The Jacquellins of this world are throwing away their happiness by insisting on their right to have it every moment. The way to retain love is to leave it free.

Household Hints

Books, however damaged can now be repaired, and missing pages replaced, by special treatment, which is, however, very costly.

Wine is poured first into the host's glass so that he may taste it and assure himself of its quality before offering it to his guests.

Summer holidays at different times for the London elementary schools are again suggested as a means of relieving the traffic congestion.

Dainty Dance Frocks

ALL SORTS OF EFFECTS IN NEWEST MODES.

By Rita Stuyvesant

THIS is the season of the dance, and what delightful frocks they are showing! Dainty ones for the young girl, stunning creations for the more mature matron, but all very charming and lovely. And one may choose almost any silhouette that is becoming, whether it accentuates one's slenderness or shows the full, bouffant effect of the old court days.

If one is young and short she will look well in a quaint frock of lettuce green taffeta, of that soft, silvery changeable hue. The bodice of this frock was merely a sleeveless blouse, fastened at the back, and the round neck and armholes were outlined with a double frill of the taffeta, picked on the edges. The skirt was rather full and deeply scalloped and was hung with petal like overdrapes, drooping with the skirt to give the fashionable uneven effect that horns are assuming this season. A slim silver sash is tied about the normal waistline, and with this frock one wears silver sandals and pale green chiffon hose.

I have also discovered this frock in orchid, peach and maize melting into silvery tones.

Softly shaded georgette is again popular this winter when one goes out to "toddle," and recently I found a lovely frock of tangerine georgette that shaded into gold and thence to lemon color. The skirt was made in three tiers, cut in pointed scallops, and these were outlined in fine crystal beads, give it weight. There was a bandeau bodice of lemon colored charmeuse, and over this was a high-necked slip-on blouse of the tangerine georgette. This was simply two pieces of georgette picked and caught at the shoulders and at the waistline, lending considerable charm. A girdle of gold ribbon was tied on the left side and hung below the skirt. Gold slippers and stockings were worn with this smart costume.

Many of the older women this season are choosing brocaded chiffon for their evening gowns or for dinner wear. This exquisite fabric is so beautiful that it requires no trimming.



Rose Tinted Cheeks

Oh! How you have longed to bring that Rose-tinted glow of healthy Beauty to your cheeks. How impossible and inadequate have rouges, powders and paints, with their only too apparent glamor proven to be. For years you feel that in

Gouraud's (Pink) Oriental Cream

we have placed your desire within your reach. It renders to your cheeks a delicate, refined Rose-Tint, so natural and subtle in effect that the use of a Toilet Preparation cannot be detected. All of the qualities of Gouraud's Oriental Cream have been combined in our new product. That soft, velvety skin, its setting and antiseptic effect are but a few of the many virtues it renders to your skin and complexion. Try it to-day and see the new door to Beauty it opens.

Try These Three Gouraud's Preparations

Just send us 25c, and your dealer's name and we will send you a bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Cream (pink or white), a large cake of Gouraud's Medicated Soap and a tube of Gouraud's Cold Cream. They beautify, purify and cleanse the skin and complexion.

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York



ACHES AND PAINS—SLOAN'S GETS 'EM!

A VOID the misery of racking pain. Sloan's gets right down to the aching spot and relieves your pain and you wonder why you did not use Sloan's first. Have a bottle of Sloan's Liniment handy and apply when you first feel pain.

Use freely and don't rub, as it penetrates and you will be surprised to find how quickly it eases pain and sends a feeling of warmth through the aching part.

Fine, too, for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, sprains, aches, pains, overworked muscles, lame back.

For forty years Sloan's has been the stand-by as a liniment in thousands of families. Ask your neighbor.

At all druggists—35c, 70c, \$1.40.

Sloan's Liniment (Pink)
Clear Your Complexion of pimples, acne and other facial disfigurement. Use freely Dr. Hobson's Rosacea Ointment. Good for eczema, itching skin, and other skin troubles. One of Dr. Hobson's Family Remedies.

Dr. Hobson's Rosacea Ointment

What the Parisienne wears—

In the evening. When she goes to the Riviera. When she walks in the Bois. When she stays at home. To really know, consult the January Harper's Bazar which shows page after page of new fashions for the South.

Also, be sure to read W. L. George's article on divorce, the stories by G. K. Chesterton and Mildred Cram, the novels by Cosmo Hamilton and Compton Mackenzie.

Now on the Newsstands

Harper's Bazar

Don't endure those ugly skin blemishes when RESINOL

Soothing and Healing
Clears away blotches easily and at little cost
Have a healthy skin that everyone admires
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You take no chances with
FRUIT OF THE LOOM